THE ARIZONA ROUGH RIDER MONUMENT

AND

CAPTAIN W. O. O'NEILL

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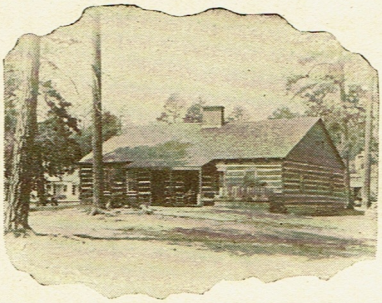

The Old Capitol Booklets

THIS booklet is the first of a series which will be issued from time to time, to be sold for the restoration and upkeep of the Old Governor's Mansion, often called The Old Capitol.

These booklets will each contain the history and romance of some locality, city, town, mining camp, or other point of interest in Yavapai County. They may be purchased at the Old Governor's Mansion, or ordered by mail from that address.

The Rough Riders

Written by John S. McGroatry, California poet, historian, and dramatist; author of the "Mission Paly" and of the history of California.

The following note accompanies the poem, as published in "Wander Songs", published in 1908.

("Read at the unveiling of the Roosevelt Rough Rider Equestrian Statute of Capt. William O. "Bucky" O'Neill, in the Plaza at Prescott, Arizona, July 3, 1907.")

Souls of rough-riding men, the first born and the last,
Come and gather 'round us from out the storied past,
Come from the field of Monmouth, the red-dyed Rapidan,
Come with Putnam and Marion, Stonewall and Sheridan.
Far from silent bivouacs that sleep in ancient dust,
Leap again to saddle, unsheathe your swords of rust;
List to the bugle ringing, clear on the desert sky,
Calling the war-worn troopers that now go riding by.

Come and gather 'round us, souls of hard riding men,
Who fought with swinging sabres, of old, o'er hill and glen,
Souls of strong adventurers who blazed the bloody trail,
Down from the guns of Lexington to Shenandoah's vale;
Halt your ghostly riders, your squadrons side by side,
While they ride by who rode, as you, upon the battle's tide;
Wanderers of the savage hills and desert's blooming plain,
Who spilled their eager hearts against the chivalry of Spain.

We'll dream again they're gathered from near and far away,

That host that to the Alamo rode down one sun-kissed day:—
The bronco busters of the plain, the hunters from the hill;
The keepers of the rainless wastes that love and lure them still;
Brood of the trackless wilderness, swart with the desest's breath;
Spawn of the brown Southwest whose trails are dim with death—
We'll dream once more they're mustered, here 'neath skies aglow,
A thousand strong in the rendezvous, as then at the Alamo.

And as the dust-brown columns sweep on with thunder tread,
Full will we fling a cheer for him, the chieftain at the head;
A cheer for him, the chieftain, who led them on the way,
At whose clear call to glory they galloped to the fray;
Him they trailed to glory where flamed the flag unfurled,
The one great heart of all, best loved of all the world;—
We'll lift our hearts to greet him as breaks the vision then,
Of Roosevelt still riding with his rough riding men.

Sing from your throat, O bugle, as they ride forth at dawn,
From Caney and Guaysimas and the long hill at San Juan;
Turn again, O Memory, with heart that holds them dear,
Again their steeds are champing, the hoof-beats sounding near;

Home from the crimson fights they won, home they
come at last,
To ride in full review before the spirits of the past;
Here, where one silent trooper waits upon the way
The last-rung trumpet call that wakes the Judgment
Day.

Onward they come in full review, the living and the
dead,
Troop and the plunging squadron, their leader at
their head;
And he will halt his charger while all the columns
wheel
Where face to face they stand again—Roosevelt and
O'Neill.
Up to the Colonel's lips will leap his saber in salute
To him, the well-loved Captain, who sits the stirrups
mute,
Smiling as when he answered to Freedom's crowding
roll,
And death flung to the darkness his wild and gallant
soul.

So shall they come with Memory from near and far
away,
The host that from the Alamo rode out one sunlit
day—
Back they come to mountain and desert's shining
plain,
The living and the gloried dead, the wounded and the
slain;
Every saddle set once more as when they rode to war,
To strike for a new republic—to die for a new-born
star:
Not a gap in the ranks of dream that sailed the tropic
sea—
Colonel, Captains, and troopers all—home from Cuba
free.

So shall they come and pass away as evening's
shadow falls.
And good-night songs and reveille the singing bugle
calls;
Leaving this one lone sentry upon the grim plateau
Over the purpled buttes aflame and shining dunes
below;
Here in his silent stirrups with desert stars agleam,
Soul of the wild adventure, heart of the deathless
dream;
One faithful, sun-burned trooper that waits upon the
way
The last-rung trumpet call that wakes the Judgment
Day.

Captain O'Neill and the Arizona Rough Riders

By Sharlot M. Hall

Prescott, circled with mountain peaks, pine-forested, or carved in rugged outline of granite and lava, has more of natural beauty and grandeur in her surroundings, and more of romance and adventure in her storied past, than most of us know.

Few who live here and pass and repass day by day the tall, bronze monument to the men who died in the Rough Rider regiment of the Spanish-American war, realize that because of this master-piece of the sculptor's art Prescott is listed among those cities of the United States who wear a star—indicating that they possess some sculptured figure or monument of first artistic value and merit.

Dedicated to all the men of Arizona who died in the war for the independence of Cuba this monument is none the less an idealized portrait of one of them —their leader Captain William Owen O'Neill.

As the sun swings 'round the plaza from east to west each day the stern bronze face of the horseman is dappled with leaf-shadows from the trees planted by slender young "Bucky" O'Neill in his early years in Prescott; when no one dreamed of war with Spain and an armed "gamble for a new star on the flag."

Born at St. Louis, Mo., on Feb. 2nd, 1860, of a fighting father who was to win honors and many wounds in the Civil War, young O'Neill grew up, from his first year, in Washington.

He was a brilliant pupil in college and law school, and a gay and daring leader of the boys who raced and played around the then uncultivated capitol grounds. He hunted squirrels in the woods at Arglington—and little dreamed of lying under a marble stone in that beautiful "bivouac of the dead."

Graduated from law school the army would have held him if the lure of the West had not been too strong. With special gifts for newspaper work and a remarkable ability as a law court reporter and stenographer he wrote the then acting-governor of Arizona, John J. Gosper, and a little later came to Phoenix where his talents were quickly known.

As court reporter for Judge DeForest Porter he came to Prescott in 1881 and here he made his home until the Spanish bullet found him in far-away Cuba.

The seventeen years between were crowded with activity; into politics, he was probate judge and then sheriff—with a record for running down criminals that reads like a dime novel; in newspaper work he was reporter, editor, owner—conducting in the "Hoof and Horn" a stock man's paper with unique literary quality.

His short stories and descriptive articles were winning him fame and a place in the best periodicals; as a mining promoter he was bringing the Mayer onyx ledges and the copper deposits north of the Grand Canyon and elsewhere to the attention of in-

vestors—and he dreamed of a railroad to the Grand Canyon and the scenic greatness of that place of grandeur and beauty while it was still little known.

First as sheriff and then as mayor he saw the needs of growing Prescott; with his own hands he brought young trees from the surrounding hills and set them out on the plaza for shade, where a few of them still stand.

He visioned the future and never stopped work until he had the city water system outlined and on the way to reality. He was a student always and a tireless reader; he loved poetry and music and great litertaure, and his memory amazed his associates.

Roosevelt tells how, as they looked over the mangled dead after the Guasimas fight he said: "Colonel, isn't it Walt Whitman who says of the vultures that "They pluck the eyes of princes and tear the flesh of kings"? "Just a week later," Roosevelt adds, "we were shielding his own body from the birds of prey."

This hard-working man whom his best friends knew is hidden to popular fancy by the gay and handsome youth who in the early days yielded to the excitement of card games, especially Faro, and "Bucked the Tiger" as playing faro was called with such enthusiasm that he earned the nick-name of "Buckey", which still clings.

He was one of those people about whom romance seems to crystalize; dozens of things done by men less picturesque were laid at his door and gained their value in the telling from his own personal charm. His courtesy, gentleness, modesty, and quiet manner of speaking, made his personality fit into a background of romance and newspaper folk made the most of it.

It is to Edward Marshall, the war correspondent, who after being seriously wounded himself, wrote a spicy and dramatic story of the Cuban campaign, that we owe the stories of bravado and daring. His

own men and his comrades tell only of the constant care for them, the modesty which made him keep in the background, and the cheerfulness with which he met all discomfort.

In his newspaper work Captain O'Neill had spent much time in Cuba; he knew Spanish well, and he understood the problems of the island as few Americans did.

It is said that he was the first man to enlist in the volunteer service when the war opened. His comrade, Colonel James M. McClintock, says that the idea of a cavalry regiment made up of western men originated with O'Neill and that he hoped to enlist the whole regiment in Arizona. A thousand men had been enrolled in various parts of the state when Governor McCord received word that only 210 would be taken from Arizona. O'Neill was made a captain, and resigning his position as mayor of Prescott he flung himself into the preparation with the spirit that had sent him like a cyclone on the trail of criminals in the days when he was sheriff.

Swiftly the allotted number of men gathered at Whipple Barracks, a mile from Prescott, and on the fourth day of May, 1898, they were followed to the train by the entire population of the city—bands playing and flags flying—a young mountain lion for their mascot—and amid tears and cheers and goodbyes they started for the regimental rendezvous at San Antonio, Texas.

O'Neill carried a new Colt's revolver presented by the city of Prescott in a witty speech by Mayor Reese M. Ling, who said in part: "As you are going into the cavalry branch of the service, Captain, the city is desirous of seeing you properly mounted, and they wish to present you with another mount."

"It is not full-grown, being only a Colt; but we know that in your hands it will become a war horse of renown. All you need to do is to take the bridle off every time it bucks and head it toward a Span-

iard, and you can be sure that one more of the enemy will say good morning to his god father, the Devil."

The regiment which the Arizona men joined at San Antonio was known officially as The First United States Volunteer Cavalry; a remark of Colonel Roosevelt that he was going to join a regiment of rough riding men caught the ear of some reporter and the newspapers far and wide heralded the regiment as "Roosevelt's Rough Riders"—a name so apt that it took place in history as well as public fancy.

Never was so much romance crowded upon a regimental roster—here were hundreds of men, each one of whom might have furnished out of his own life the material for a more thrilling western novel than has yet been written. Many had seen service in Arizona in Apache days. Leonard Wood and Alexander Brodie, and dozens more. They came from cattle range and mining camp—men of the out-of-doors—of the Old Frontier—and brought with them that spirit of romance and adventure which was the West—and which no written record can ever quite catch.

Not one of them was finer than the ex-mayor of Prescott, Captain O'Neill—every record tells of his devotion to duty, of his thought for his men, of his modesty which avoided all display of authority. His comrades tell of how he gave up his blankets to others—of how he forbade his tired soldier-cook to prepare a meal at night, saying he was not hungry.

At Baiquiri as the troops unloaded on a skeleton dock two men of the Tenth Cavalry, colored, fell over-board between the lighter and the pier. O'Neill in full uniform went over after them; both were crushed to death before he could help them and his own life was in great danger—but his one thought was that he could not have reached them in time.

Their regiment sent expressions of thanks and

appreciation—so soon verged into sympathy and regret when his own death came.

Swiftly the days hurried the Arizona men to the suffering of that campaign of heat and foul water and tropical sickness and the fire of battle which combed their ranks savagely.

There is one hour of glory in between; at Phoenix as the men mobilized the women of the Relief Corps sat up all night to make them a flag—using what silk they could get in haste—too light in weight and texture, but hastily stitched into the first American flag to land on Cuban soil and float over a captured block-house.

Colonel McClintock tells it in his history of Arizona; how as the shore and defenses at Daiquiri were shelled by the American fleet the flag was borne up the hill and its staff lashed to the pole from which the Spanish flag had just been drawn down.

The Arizona men were on the transport Yucatan, close to the shore and waiting to unload. One of them saw the flag go up the hill and recognized it as their own—loaned to the regiment because no flags had come down from Washington.

He started the cheer, "Howl for Arizona—it's our flag!" The boat whistle was tied down and whistled out across the bay filled with ships all waiting and watching. Revolvers were fired in salute, the band played the regimental song, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight"; cowboy and Indian yells swelled the roar.

From all the watching ships whistles blew, revolvers cracked, bands played the Rough Rider air, and the whole army saluted the Arizona flag on its way to victory.

Soon that Arizona flag was to float at half-mast for the Arizona dead—and many a throat that cheered was stilled forever.

At Guisimas went brave and gentle Captain Capon and fifteen men; Brodie and McClintock and

near fifty men were wounded—and O'Neill who grieved over their mangled bodies and quoted to Colonel Roosevelt lines from Walt Whitman on the vultures of war, was nearing a like end.

In sullen tropic heat, tormented with hordes of insects, poisoned with foul water and weakened by scant and unfit food, the men advanced toward San Juan Hill. Many were siezed with fevers—there were not enough hospital men to get the sick back and care for them.

Spanish fire from trenches and sharpshooters harrassed every yard of the way. In it all O'Neill was the true soldier and officer, thinking only of the comfort and safety of the men; cheering them with jokes and encouragement, and trying to shield them from needless danger.

Many stories are told of that last hour; O'Neill's troop were partly sheltered in a sunken road; beyond this was a thick screen of tropical trees which hid the Spanish trenches out of which a steady fire poured.

It is widely told how O'Neill walked up and down the bank smoking a cigarette and joking to encourage his men. One of them called to him to get down out of danger. He replied that the Spanish bullet was not moulded that could kill him—and almost at the instant fell dead—a bullet had entered his mouth and came out at the back of his head.

Colorful stories of his daring, his faith in his destiny, his spirit of adventure, filled newspapers and have lived in history—such tales as cling to the name of every man who is a destined leader among his fellows.

The truth seems nearer the story of John W. Johnson, one of the men nearest O'Neill in those last moments. He says that O'Neill was tireless in his effort to shield his men and eager to know what was beyond the trees; that his last conversation was with a ranking officer who told him that of all the troops

near, O'Neill's were the only ones exactly where they were ordered to be.

In hearing, and joining in the conversation, was a secret service officer who years later supported Johnson's statement. This officer, who was one of the ranking experts in the army on rifle fire, and one of the finest rifle shots, was watching for balls which came occasionally from a source not in the direction of the trenches, and with deadly aim.

They had ceased a space, then another came and O'Neill sank in a squatting position, then fell in a heap. The officer helped O'Neill's men to lift his body through a broken fence and stretch it out under a mango tree. Both he and Johnson say that O'Neill made no remark about Spanish bullets but had said something of the sort in a joke days before.

The officer (who won the Victoria Cross later by service in the World War) was on the field in worn and ragged dress from advance scouting, and was free to come and go as he chose. He got the best rifle he could find in the troop, crawled for hours to get to the point from which he was sure the lone rifle fire came, and two days later brought in the rifle, cartridge belt, and canteen of the Spanish sharp-shooter.

Because of his position in the service this was never made public but after the World War he was sent, an invalid to Whipple Hospital—from there he came to spend some months at Orchard Ranch and told the story to my father and myself.

Captain O'Neill was buried on the battlefield and his grave carefully marked by Chaplain Brown, who many months later identified the spot for the authorities in charge of the removal of the American dead from Cuba.

The first day of May, 1899, it was laid with the nation's honored dead at Arlington, D. C. There in that tree-shaded, beautiful spot where he had played in his boyhood, and where his soldier-father also

rests, the mortal part of "Buckey" O'Neill lies under a marble stone inscribed:

"WILLIAM OWEN O'NEILL
Mayor of Prescott, Arizona
Captain of Troop A, First U. S.
Volunteer Cavalry, Rough Riders
Brevet Major
Born Feb. 2, 1860. Killed July 2, 1898
At San Juan Hill, Cuba
Who Would Not Die for a New Star on the Flag."

Out on the plaza which surrounds the court house at Prescott the bronze Rough Rider stands under the trees planted by Captain O'Neill when he was sheriff of Yavapai County: the heroic bronze embodies the romance and tameless spirit of the Old Southwest—the invicible soul of the land which drew "Buckey" O'Neill in his young manhood and held him until his death.

Here is this gallant rider is a memorial not only to the men who fell but to the land and the time which gave them birth. When Solon Borglum, grown from a frontier ranch in Utah to be the leading sculptor of his day in the United States, offered to design the Rough Rider monument for whatever money might be available, however far below his usual prices, he was inspired by the vision which had led him up from a cowboy's saddle to rank with the great artists of all time.

He thrilled with the feeling of those Arizonans who would build a fitting memorial to their deathless dead—he knew the high courage, the dauntless faith of those past days—a heroic spirit which saw no defeat—and which was not afraid to express itself in homely tenderness.

In homely ways much of the fund came; little gifts from ranch and cow range, from mining camp and pack train. An old-time rancher, Joe Crane, brought in a monster pumpkin which was sold again

and again until it had brought many dollars into the fund.

A local cigar-maker named his best cigar the "Buckey" O'Neill and gave all above its cost to the fund; a St. Louis hat maker with a western trade put out a typical cowboy hat in the same way, the "Buckey" O'Neill sombrero."

The Arizona copper mining and smelting companies contributed matte copper to be used in making the bronze for the statue—the surplus to be sold and the money added to the fund.

When all the dollars were gathered they could have told a tale to inspire even the hand of Solon Borglum—but Borglum was himself part of the land and the time that had shaped "Buckey" O'Neill's genius, and drawn the men of the Rough Riders together to give their lives, if need be, for the freedom of a land and people far from their own Southwest—Solon Borglum worked in the same spirit.

And out of those fused fires came the greatest equestrian statute in the United States—equalled only by one other in the world, it is said by critics of great sculpture—the greatest work of one of America's greatest artists—to stand on the plaza made beautiful by O'Neill's own hands.

The bronze Rough Rider stands on the plaza where O'Neill and his comrades gathered and walked and talked and said goodbye to their friends and went away to die. It stands a memorial to them—but to us who pass and repass under its shadow the heroic bronze figure is a daily reminder to make our lives and our citizenship worthy of them—fine enough in every part that we may not shame those who cheerfully took the Long Trail for the ideal of freedom and the glory of Arizona.

The Rough Rider Monument

By ANNIE CAMPBELL JONES

THERE is distinction in the fact that on the Plaza in Prescott stands a monument to those who fell in the Spanish-American War. It seems curious that there are really few cities in America who have so acknowledged their debt to that gallant group which not only gave their all to the service of their country, but were the pioneers who by their sacrifice led the way to the salvation of countless thousands who later should follow them in camp, on transport and in barracks, in tropical countries, and wherever fever and disease stalk the footsteps of an army. Every man who entered the Army at that time was menaced by dangers far greater than the battlefield, in the terrible and ever-present spectre of unsanitary camps and transports.

In other ways the monument is unique. It memorializes a phase of American life which could never come again. That regiment epitomized the western spirit. Violent individualists every one of them, the miner, cowpuncher, New York athlete, and Regular Army man met, and in their desire to serve their country did so with a dash and esprit de corps seldom equalled in this or any other country.

Prescott is justly proud of her Rough Rider Monument and tenderly and patriotically thoughful of the men whose names make up the roster of the great regiment to whose memory it was erected, but even those closest to it are not aware of some of the facts concerning it.

Aside from the ideal of patriotic scarifice which inspired the monument, there is consideration of the man who created it. Conceded by a majority of competent critics to be one of the two greatest equestrian statutes in the world today, let us go back to

some of the things which contributed to this result. Let us go back to the man whose work it is. Out in Utah fifty years ago, in a district where all were poor, the Borglums were probably among the poorest, and that from that beginning, so far one might think from things artistic, or from the opportunity for training, should have emerged two artists whose work stands among America's greatest contributions to sculpture, is nothing less than astonishing. Gutzon Borglum, the elder brother, is a talented and gifted sculptor. His achievements are not part of this description. But Solon Borglum, the younger brother, was a genius whose work is not to be considered in the light of criticism by me as an ordinary layman. His early training was inadequate, but the fire of his imagination, his comprehension of form, and his marvelous ability to put life and motion into bronze and stone, place him among the immortals.

Arizona had sent her sons. The popular imagination had been caught and held by that picturesque regiment, and had seen it dramatized and focused in the death of Captain "Buckey" O'Neill. Those who had come back had settled into the ordinary run of life, when the State of Arizona decided to erect the monument to their valor. Nine years to a day from the time Buckey O'Neill was killed in Cuba, the monument was dedicated on the Plaza in Prescott, the place where the regiment was born.

The Legislature voted a sum of money and named a commission to select a suitable memorial. Their authority was broad, but their funds were small to secure what they sought. These men knew their subject from the human and economical side, and were fired with an almost religious fervor in desiring to secure the best. They were R. E. Morrison, Morris Goldwater, E. W. Wells, Richard E Sloan, and M. J. Hickey. Mr. Morrison volunteered to go East to consult a sculptor Upon arrival in New York his

enthusiasm began to sink when the price was more and more brought home to him. However, without solicitation on his part, Solon Borglum came to see him. He told him he knew of his mission, also what he knew of the regiment, and then continued, "Mr. Morrison, would you like me to do your monument?" Mr. Morrison's reply was eminently characteristic. "Would we like it? Would we like to have dreams come true? There is nothing in the world we would like so much—but—Mr. Borglum, we haven't the money to offer you for the work." The sculptor asked, "How much have you?" and upon Mr. Morrison's replying, "We have ten thousand dollars", he said without hesitation. "You shall have your monument," and that settled it.

At that time Borglum was probably at the height of his power, but as yet had hardly been recognized by the world for his real position in the realm of sculpture. But beyond his ability, and beyond his knowledge of the Western rider, and above all else, into that piece of plastic art he put something which the world now admits has never been surpassed, and probably seldom equalled. He put what must be considered an almost sixth sense in grasping motion. His monument was bitterly criticised by the very men who knew the subject best. It was the same thing which brought Remington's first horses under fire. The stock men and cowboys declared that no horse could get into such a position without falling over. However, later, the motion picture camera revealed that both sculptors had an eye which was able to grasp that split second which the ordinary eye never sees, and that the gift seemed to make the bronze come to life.

Like all great pieces of genius, the monument is simple in subject. A trooper of the American Cavalry, in the uniform and equipment of that time. The horse and man are on the alert to an extent perhaps never equalled in bronze. The tensed muscle

are beautiful in their symetry, and the horse reined back and at the instant of rearing, is caught at exactly the right second.

For minutiae and detail the subject is exceptionally fine. The uniform, the pistol, the sabre, the bridle rein, the selection of a horse which could pass the Cavalry test, everything came under the artist's most earnest care, and then the placing upon the granite bounder from the Yavapai hill was particularly fitting.

Borglum's genius was recognized, and his talents rewarded, but he himself said that he took greater pride in his Rough Rider Monument than in any other work he ever did, and shortly before his death in discussing it with friends, he declared it his best work.

Inscription on Monument

Erected by Arizona in Honor of the
1st Volunteer Cavalry, Known to
History as Roosevelt's Rough Riders,
and to the Memory of
CAPTAIN WILLIAM O' O'NEILL
And His Comrades Who Died While
Serrving Their Country
In the War With Spain.

Rough Rider "Buckey" O'Neill

On the 17th of March, 1905, a reception was given in New York City to President Roosevelt. During the ceremonies Joseph I. C. Clarke recited the following poem, entitled "Rough Rider Bucky O'Neill.

When the cresset of war blazed over the land
And a call rang fierce through the West,
Saying: "Rough Riders, come to the roll of the drum!"
They came with the bravest and best;
With a clatter of hoof and a stormy hail—
Tall and sinewy, lean and brown—
Hunters and fighters and men of the trail,
From hills and plains, from college and towns.
With the cowboy yell and the Indian's whoop—
Sons of thunder and swingers of steel—
And leading his own Arizona troop
Rode glad and fearless "Buckey" O'Neill.

In the ranks there was Irish blood galore,
As it ever was and is sure to be
When the starry flag is flung to the fore
And the fight is to make man free.
There were Kellys and Murphys and Burkes and Doyles—
The Colonel owned an O'Brien strain—
And the lift of the race made a glow on each face
When they met on the Texas plain.
But the man of them all, with the iron will—
Man and soldier from crown to heel—
A leader and master in games that kill—
Was the soft-voiced Captain "Buckey" O'Neill.

On watch in the valley, or charging the height,
In a plunge 'cross the steep ravine;
San Juan or Las Guasimas, battle or fight,
Or rush through the jungle screen,

Where the wave of war took the battling host
The Rough Riders fronted the storm;
And their dead on the rocks of red glory toosed
Amid sypray with their life-blood warm.
What wonder, then—holding his chivalrous vow
To stop not, or crouch not, or kneel,
That death in hot anger, struck full on the brow
Of the dauntless "Buckey" O'Neill.

O'battle that tries the heart of the strong,
To your test he had answered true;
Who bent not his head, and balked not at wrong,
Nor murmured what bullet he drew.
In the cast of the terrible dice of doom
It came fair to his hand as well
To mount the high crest where the great laurels bloom
Or to die at the foot where he fell.
And of such are the victors, and these alone
Shall be stamped with the hero seal—
And stirrup to stirrup they'll ride to the throne,
From the Colonel to "Buckey" O'Neill.

ON THE 11th day of September, 1928, Gutzon Borglum, older brother of the sculptor of the Rough Rider Monument visited Prescott and for the first time saw the great bronze equestrian statute which is ranked as the greatest work of his dead brother, Solon Hannibal Borglum.

He came in the afternoon when a rich-toned sunset sky behind the trees made a rare setting for the soldier-rider. He was accompanied by Mrs. John Greenway, widow of General John Greenway, whose sculptured figure done by Borglum will be Arizona's representative in the Hall of Fame at Washington.

W. P. Stuart of the Prescott Courier was with

them and has recorded the impression made upon Gutzon Borglum by his first sight of his brother's work. Much moved he walked up and down under the trees, viewing the great figure from all sides.

When he could speak he said: "Although the work is the product of my brother's hand, I am forced to forget relationship and to say that the "Buckey" O'Neill monument is a marvel. In my opinion it has no equal in this country—and so far as I know, it is unexcelled abroad."

"I could not think of a happier or more appropriate setting for this splendid memorial than the great granite boulder which forms the base—a boulder from the near-by hills which surround Prescott.

"It adds to the charm and appeal of the figure as no artificial support could do; it gives a perfection of artistry that leaves nothing wanting. The manner in which the figure is placed upon the stone has brought about a beauty and harmony that is nothing less than inspired."

Gutzon Borglum, himself one of the foremost American sculptors, was for the most part the teacher of his younger brother Solon, and his estimate may well be regarded as the last word as to the artistic value of the Rough Rider memorial. That he has ranked it one of the great statues of the world will be a growing pride to Prescott and to Arizona.